Turf war

Chapter 1

New York never sleeps. Not really. The city’s heartbeat is a chorus of honking cabs, distant sirens, and the occasional scream that most people pretend they didn’t hear.

But tonight, the city holds its breath.

At **The Grand Manhattan Hotel**, a luxury suite on the 42nd floor has just become the most important crime scene in the world.

The body of **UN Secretary-General Charles Montgomery** lies sprawled across a Persian rug that costs more than most people’s homes. His once-crisp white shirt is now soaked in blood, a single bullet wound right between his eyes. The glass coffee table beside him is shattered, a bottle of whiskey tipped over, its contents mixing with the blood pooling on the floor.

Detective **Tony DeLuca** of the NYPD stands over the body, jaw clenched, hands on his hips. He’s seen death before, but this? This is different. Bigger. The kind of case that makes or breaks a career.

His partner, **Detective Jake Moretti**, crouches near the body, examining the bullet wound. “One shot, Clean, Pro.”

DeLuca nods, scanning the room. No forced entry. No signs of struggle. The Secretary-General let his killer in.

That’s when the elevator doors slide open, and the air in the room shifts.

A group of agents in dark suits step out, moving with the kind of confidence that says they don’t answer to anyone. Leading them is **Agent Caleb Mercer**, FBI Major Crimes. His suit is sharper than DeLuca’s entire wardrobe, and his expression is one of mild amusement —like he already knows how this is going to play out.

“Detective,” Mercer says, stopping just short of the crime scene tape. “Appreciate you keeping the place warm for us.”

DeLuca barely suppresses an eye roll. “Mercer.”

“I’ll take it from here,” Mercer continues, flashing his badge like it’s a golden ticket. “This is now a federal investigation.”

DeLuca crosses his arms. “Like hell it is.”

Mercer smirks. “It was cute that you guys showed up, though.”

Moretti exhales sharply. “Here we go.”

DeLuca steps forward, lowering his voice. “This is New York, *our* city. You don’t get to walk in here and—”

“—and do my job?” Mercer cuts in. “Oh, but I do.” He turns to his agents. “Bag everything. I want forensics double-checking NYPD’s work. These idiots don’t know what they are doing ”

The agents move past DeLuca and Moretti, securing evidence, taking photos—*taking over.*

DeLuca clenches his fists. This isn’t over.

Montgomery’s murder isn’t just a crime. It’s a message.

And if the FBI thinks they’re going to push the NYPD out of this one, they’ve got another thing coming.

Chapter 2

The Grand Manhattan Hotel was still crawling with law enforcement. Crime scene techs worked methodically, snapping photos, dusting for prints, and bagging every piece of potential evidence. The NYPD wasn’t going to let the FBI take all the glory, but Agent Caleb Mercer was making that difficult.

Tony DeLuca stood near the entrance of the suite, watching as Mercer gave orders like he owned the place. He had already started shifting through preliminary witness statements while Moretti was questioning the hotel manager. The Grand Manhattan wasn’t the kind of place that liked bad publicity. The staff would be cooperative—because they had to be.

A nervous-looking bellboy stood by the hallway, eyes flicking between Mercer and DeLuca. The kid had been on duty the night before, and something about him screamed that he knew more than he was letting on. DeLuca walked over, offering a disarming smile.

"You got a name, kid?"

"Uh Ryan. Ryan Decker."

"Alright, Ryan. I know you've probably already talked to some of these guys, but do me a favor—tell me what you saw."

Ryan hesitated, then glanced at Mercer, who was deep in conversation with his team. "I—I saw Mr. Montgomery come in around ten. Alone. He looked stressed. Kept checking over his shoulder."

DeLuca frowned. "Over his shoulder? Like he was expecting someone?"

"Maybe. But he wasn’t alone for long. About fifteen minutes later, someone else came up."

DeLuca leaned in. "Who?"

"I don’t know. They had their hood up, but they moved like they belonged here. Not nervous or anything. Just… casual."

"Male or female?"

Ryan swallowed. "I—I think it was a woman."

DeLuca stiffened. "Did you get a good look at her?"

"No, but security might have footage."

DeLuca exhaled slowly. A woman visiting Montgomery before he was killed? That could mean a million things, but his gut told him it wasn’t just some late-night business meeting.

From across the room, Mercer called out, "DeLuca! We’re pulling surveillance now. Let’s see what your witness got right."

DeLuca turned back to Ryan and patted his shoulder. "Stay available, kid. Something tells me we’ll need you again."

Chapter 3

The surveillance footage was both a goldmine and a headache. It showed Montgomery entering his suite, the time stamp aligning with Ryan’s testimony. It also showed the hooded figure stepping into the elevator—right before a crucial two-minute gap in footage.

DeLuca rubbed his temple. "Tell me this is a glitch."

"Not a glitch," Mercer said, arms crossed. "Tampered with. Someone erased it."

Moretti swore under his breath. "How convenient."

"It means we’re on the right track," DeLuca muttered. "But it also means someone is covering their tracks."

Mercer smirked. "Then let’s see who’s dumb enough to leave breadcrumbs."

As the teams split up to chase leads, DeLuca had a nagging feeling that whoever they were looking for wasn’t just smart—they were ahead of them.

Chapter 4

The NYPD was getting closer. DeLuca and Moretti followed a financial trail leading to a well-known crime boss, Vincent Moreau, who had clashed with Montgomery in the past. Moreau had motive, opportunity, and a reputation for making people disappear.

DeLuca didn’t believe in coincidences, but something felt off. Moreau was too obvious.

Meanwhile, Mercer and his FBI team received an anonymous tip someone inside law enforcement was leaking information. They moved quickly, gathering intelligence on Moreau’s operations.

Then, the break came—Moreau’s alibi checked out. He had been in a private poker game, surrounded by multiple witnesses, including off-duty cops. He couldn't have killed Montgomery.

But someone wanted them to believe he did.

Chapter 5

DeLuca wasn’t convinced Moreau was innocent (not completely.) Moretti dug deeper and found something strange. Moreau had been funding Montgomery’s business rival, a connection no one had noticed before. The implication? Moreau may not have pulled the trigger, but he had been pulling strings from behind the scenes.

The FBI’s informant confirmed that Moreau wasn’t worried about Montgomery anymore. Because Montgomery was already marked for death.

That meant someone had been working under Moreau someone personal, someone close.

And that’s when the focus shifted to Montgomery’s wife.

Chapter 6

The NYPD put the pieces together first. DeLuca and Moretti tracked Montgomery’s wife's phone records, placing her near the hotel the night of the murder. Surveillance from a nearby café showed her waiting in a car, watching the building. They had their suspect.

At the same time, Mercer’s FBI team was preparing a takedown, believing Moreau was still the mastermind. They planned to corner him at one of his warehouses, but DeLuca got to him first. When they raided the location, they found: Moreau unarmed and laughing.

"I didn’t have to kill Montgomery," he said, smirking. "Someone else beat me to it."

Chapter 7

The case took a sharp turn when Mercer discovered one of his own had been leaking information. Special Agent Doug Raines, a mid-level investigator, had been feeding Moreau details in exchange for money and protection. Raines had manipulated leads, stalled investigations, and even sent Mercer on a wild goose chase while the real killer remained free.

When confronted, Raines tried to run but was taken down by Moretti.

"You sold out the Bureau for some dirty cash?" Mercer asked, disgusted.

"Everyone’s got a price, Mercer. Even you."

Chapter 8

With the truth closing in, Montgomery’s wife panicked and tried to flee the city. DeLuca and Mercer, now begrudgingly working together, tracked her to a private airstrip.

"NYPD solved this first," DeLuca quipped as they rushed the tarmac.

"Yeah? Then why are we both here?" Mercer shot back.

Before she could board the plane, Moretti tackled her. The murder weapon was in her bag—Montgomery’s own gun.

"Case closed," DeLuca said.

Chapter 9

Back at the precinct, DeLuca and Mercer laid it all out in classic Brooklyn Nine-Nine heist fashion.

"First, Moreau was the obvious suspect," DeLuca explained. "Too obvious. He wanted Montgomery dead, but he didn’t need to do the dirty work."

Mercer leaned in. "That’s where Montgomery’s wife came in. She killed him, knowing we’d go after Moreau. Smart move."

"Except," DeLuca continued, "we figured out her alibi was trash. Moretti tracked her phone. And, thanks to Mercer’s team, we caught the leak inside the FBI."

"Which, technically," Mercer added smugly, "means we did solve part of the case first."

DeLuca sighed. "Yeah, yeah. But NYPD still made the arrest."

Moretti clinked his coffee mug against Mercer’s. "Guess that means we both win."

Chapter 10

With Montgomery’s wife behind bars, Moreau losing his empire, and Raines exposed, the case was officially closed.

DeLuca and Mercer shook hands. "Until next time."

"Let’s hope there isn’t one," Mercer replied.

But they both knew better.

By Samuel borg